

My College:  
Memories of Long Ago

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**A**s I sat in my window at Friendsview Manor October 5, when school opened at George Fox College, and heard the students having such a good time, it took me back to the first Monday in September of 1907, when I started to Pacific Academy, the forerunner of Pacific College (now George Fox). No one had heard of Labor Day then. Thirty of us walked down the railroad track from Springbrook, two miles northeast of Newberg. We came with somewhat of fear and trembling, as we had been contemplating coming for so long and had worked so hard to earn money for clothes and tuition, which was \$50 a semester then. That was a lot of money in those days.

When we were in Junior and Senior Endeavor in the new Springbrook Friends Church built in 1901, we had heard of all the interesting things going on at Pacific Academy and Pacific College.

In the very early nineteen hundreds we had heard of oratorical contests in which so many Pacific College young men had taken part and won. The basketball players were doing well. We were all so happy when Edwin McGrew, president of Pacific College, came to preach. He was friendly to all of us children and preached sermons that meant much to us as children.

We could not attend much that went on at the college, as the roads were so bad we were liable to get in a bad rut in the dark and break a buggy wheel. It seemed to me we had much more

One thing I dreaded in walking was the long, high trestle we had to cross. I wondered how Perry Macy could manage that. I knew I would have to have help to cross it, as high places scared me.

Finally my folks said I could go. I had picked prunes and berries and worked in the cannery. (There were no nuts grown in Springbrook in those days.) My mother got out an old dress of hers and cut out the strongest pieces of the dress and made me my best dress to wear. I wore it the first winter with many cleanings through the year. I was so careful with it, changing it as soon as I got home to my third best dress. I had a second best that I wore on occasions when I was not supposed to be so dressed up. We spent much time in keeping ourselves and clothes neat and clean. No tears or fringed places in our clothes! We never had anything for a rummage sale, as we wore our clothes out. (No one ever heard of a rummage sale in those days.)

My folks bought me long heavy leggins that buttoned to above my knees. They finally got me a rain repellent raincoat, and was I ever proud of it! With rubbers and a scarf, I walked to Pacific Academy and College with twenty-five others for seven years. Many of us could not stay in the dormitory, as we lived too close to the college, so we missed some things that happened but not many, as we would walk home for supper and turn right around and go back to ball games and musicals.

They did not have plays put on by students in those days. In 1913 the first play was put on. How I wanted to be in it, but as there was so much practicing to do and I had to walk back and forth, I did not get a part. I do not remember the name of the play, but it was about some Pullman cars on the train and passengers getting mixed up.

Going back to some of the things before I started to school, I remember hearing everyone talking about the high jump Roy Heater made, the highest jump ever made up to that time. He made a pole vault of 11 feet, something never heard of before. Everyone was excited about it. Then I

foot on it until the teacher wasn't looking and then send it on its way. We got pretty clever at this. With this going on, I had to carry books home to study at night. One time the teacher caught one of the students and made him stand up in front and read it to all of us. But that didn't stop us.

At noon we ate our lunches in our seats. A girl's boy friend would eat across the aisle or as close as he could. Peanut butter had just come on the market, and how much I enjoyed peanut butter sandwiches! I had to get my lessons at night, and I would clean lamp chimneys or iron pillow cases (I hated to do both) if my mother would buy peanut butter. We seldom had peanuts, and there were no other nuts. That nutty taste was to my liking.

After lunch during the noon hour, couples would sit and talk in their seats or go for walks outside. There was lots of romancing, as one would expect at that age.

Minthorn Hall was originally called Kanyon Hall and was used as a dormitory. The men had the top floor and the women the one below, and the dining room and kitchen were in the daylight basement. A few years ago the name was changed to Minthorn Hall, and it is not used as a dormitory anymore.

Oh, how I wanted to stay there as they has such good times and home-cooked meals! Mrs. Josephine Westfall was the cook for many years. She is still living and loves to tell about how many loaves of bread she used to make. Her cinnamon rolls were the talk of everyone who lived there.

It was good that there was a dormitory, as there were a few students other than those living here. There were some from Everett and Seattle, Washington, and a few from Idaho. Robert Dann came from England. He was a fine young man and entered into the activities of the college. Also we had students from Salem and Turner.

The women in this area used to can fruit and vegetables during the summer to be used in the dormitory. They also dried corn, apples and prunes. Fresh vegetables and fruit were also brought in by some of

There was a beautiful girl whom I admired very much by the name of Katherine Romig. Her father was our family doctor, and I was so happy to meet her. As they lived in Newberg she could be at home with her two sisters and parents. During the year we heard that she had written a very interesting and appealing oration about the sweat shops in the East, where little children were being exploited by being hired for nearly nothing, while the men who owned the factories were making millions. Our whole country was terribly upset over this, so her oration was very timely. After she got it written, Walter C. Woodward trained her in delivery. Katherine was a small girl and a freshman in college.

As there were only 88 of us in the student body, both academy and college, we all knew each other very well and knew a lot of what each one was doing.

As March approached in 1907 the excitement grew, as we had been told her oration was excellent. This was the fifteenth oratorical contest, and Pacific College had won three. The citizens of Newberg chartered a steam train, and a big crowd went to McMinnville for the contest. Katherine's oration was "The Goblin Army" and when the crowd from Newberg arrived at the hall they greeted the crowd with such yells as

Cha-lunk! Cha-lunk--Cha-lunk--Cha-lack

P.C will take the medal back

That's what we're all up here about!

And the goblins'll git you,

If you don't watch out,

and many more.

All the other orators were large men and farther along in college. Katherine looked so tiny against all the other orators, but when her time came she had such poise and graciousness and such a timely subject she won the oratorical contest. She got three firsts on her oration and two on her delivery. The judges on thought and composition were no less than David Starr Jordan of Stanford University, E. B. Piper, managing editor of the Portland Oregonian, and Prof. H. H. Herdman, principal of

debate. The topic for debate was "Government Ownership and Operation of the Railroads," with Pacific College upholding the affirmative. Also that year Pacific College had a crack basketball team.

The 1907 college graduating class had 10 members, one of the largest, if not the largest up to that time. It was so interesting to me as several were our neighbors at Springbrook and I knew most of them well.

Commencement in those days was a week of festivities. Friday night before commencement, there was a program put on by the Music Department. Saturday night was the Junior-Senior Banquet. Sunday the baccalaureate sermon was given for academy and college in the morning, and academy graduation was in the afternoon. Monday night we had Class Day Program by the senior class. Everyone looked forward to it, and the gym was always packed.

This senior class put on the following program-- I will let you imagine what they made out of these topics:

Class Song  
Review of Reviews  
Graphonola  
"The Goblin Army"  
Aria, by two  
Inquisition  
Realities  
Medley  
Afterwhile  
Farewell Song

Then on Tuesday night there was a big crowd for the program put on by the alumni. Wednesday morning at 10:00 a.m. was commencement. Oregon Yearly Meeting started on Thursday morning and lasted through the following Sunday.

The mascot for the college was Old Bruin's hide. Classes would try to steal it from each other, and it would appear on class night. How did this all happen? Someone caught a bear cub

spent much time in tuning it. Whenever the students had a takeoff on the faculty, Mr. Hull and his mother got more than their share. It seemed to me they were excellent musicians. The following program will show what masters of music they were, and how well educated in music they were:

Ballet Music from Feramors--  
Rubenstein  
Mrs. Hull, Mr. Alexander Hull

Aria from Lakme           --Delibes  
Mr. Hull

Trio in A. Minor       --Bohm  
Piano, Miss Blythe Owens;  
Violin, Mrs. Hull  
Cello, Mr. Hull

To Dika                   --Sappho  
Where Be You Going? --Keats  
Alexander Hull

Romance for Cello       --Davidoff  
Mr. Hull

While President Kelsey was in office he was going to expel one of the young men. Some of the other young men who were provoked at Mr. Kelsey climbed up into the belfry and stayed there three or four days. When chapel time came they would ring the bell so loud we could not have chapel. President Kelsey finally reinstated the young man.

When Mrs. Emma Hodgin came as Latin teacher in 1909, we were so happy to have her, as she was an excellent Latin teacher. She was so anxious that all of us young women would do the right thing. When the first movie theater came to Newberg in 1909, she had an assembly of all the women and told us all the evils of a theater. She said she would feel insulted if a young man asked her to go to the theater with him. She also told us that each one of us as women should build a wall around ourselves and not



such a large, handsome man. The first chapel we had he told us he was starting a new rule in the seating of the chapel during chapel, which was each morning from 10:30 to 11:30 a.m. He said the senior class was to have the first row, freshman class behind; the junior class to the left and the sophomore class to the right. Our chapel services were excellent. Mrs. Hull played the piano and Alexander Hull led in the singing. The chapel speakers had something worthwhile and instructive.

One morning when we went to chapel there was an awful smell in the auditorium. Chapel was dismissed. No one could imagine what had happened. It was disclosed finally that the smell was coming from under the platform. Someone had put some hydrochloric acid to generating, and it was sure generating! It took several days to get the smell out.

I studied Hamlet with Dr. Pennington one whole winter. One year I took psychology from him. We really got something out of it. He was such an excellent instructor. In my psychology class was a young man by the name of Ray Weatherhead. Every-time Dr. Pennington called on me to recite, it was Miss Weatherhead, and when he called on Ray it was always Mr. Newhouse. Finally, when this had been going on for weeks, he told me one day he would give us an "A" in the course if we could tell why he miscalled our names. I called on Dr. Pennington when he was 99 1/2 years old, and he told me this story about miscalling our names. What a memory to recall such an insignificant event!

Eunice Lewis came the same year that Dr. Pennington did, and she taught German and Greek. I took both from her. She was a fine addition to the faculty. Mabel Beck came the same year and mothered us all. We hated to see her leave in 1913.

The following fall in 1911, Melville Hawkins came and taught history. As that was my major I welcomed him. He taught history without expecting so many dates. The first morning he laughingly told us if we knew 1066 and 1492 that was all the dates he expected. But he really wanted to know

to board with them the last few weeks so we would be handy for practice.

The Junior-Senior Banquet came on May 7 and was held in the dining room of the Imperial Hotel. It was on the ground floor about where Roy Baker's TV shop is.

Our menu that night was:

Oyster Cocktail	
Salmon a la Newberg	Baked potato
Radishes	Olives
Roast Chicken	
Mashed potatoes	Gravy
Asparagus	Hot Rolls
Tomato salad	Cheese straws
Charlotte Russe	Angel cake
Orange Sherbert	Macaroons
Cafe	
Mints	Almonds

All for \$1.00. These banquets would last until 3:00 a.m.

The junior class always waited on the seniors. If there weren't enough of them they would call on other underclassmen. The toasts that night:

Toastmaster	Harry H. Haworth '15
Much Study Is a Weariness of the Flesh	
Melvin Elliott '14	
"Lo, the Winter Is Past"	Miss Elma Paulsen '14
"The Race Is Not to the Swift, the Battle Is	
Not to the Strong"	Lisle Hubbard '15
"Go Thy Way"	Ernest R. Thun '14
"Remove Not the Ancient Land Mark"	
Olin C. Hadley '14	
"A Merry Heart Doeth Good like Medicine"	
Walter H. Wilson '15	

You can see now why we had to stay so late. A good time was had by all, and this all brings back many happy memories.

We had a mob at our Class Day program, but we had practiced it stunt by stunt and had never put

In a way it has been fun to go back for 70 years and remember the happy days so many of us spent at Pacific. Most of the alumni of those years are gone and were not here to help me with the memories of the happy times we had.

I am more than grateful to my heavenly Father for all the Christian teaching I got at Pacific and that He spared my life to capture a little of the beginnings of what is now George Fox College.

